

Wishbone Ash, New Rising Star

The ugly mess you thought you were is fading fast
Now something's spoken through its virtues
The night of black is rolling back at long last
The wheel of fate turns to your fortune
New rising star, sinister symphony
New rising sun shines on in sympathy
Skin deep-so cheap, this thing called beauty
Beholder, railroader, cold shoulder
Identity is more than you find in the mirror
I watched you grow your own in the dust of the bones
from your older days
New rising star, sinister symphony
New rising sun shines on in sympathy
You were a stranger in your homeland
Reborn on a spage-age street, transformation complete
The fags and bitches, rags and riches,
leave them to the rest
Your soul has found its pride inside its own breast
New rising star, sinister symphony
New rising sun shines on in sympathy